

Kendall's Sacrifice Chapter 8

Chapter 8 The Old Fox and the Rabbit

Uh...

Kendall looked away in guilty conscience as she didn't dare to tell him. She was afraid that if

she did, her husband would make her drink the entire bottle of chili oil!

"Kendall Parker," Dylan called her name in a warning tone. "If you keep looking around, make

sure that you're able to bear the consequences."

His icy warning made her heart quiver anxiously, and she stole a look at him.

He wore a grim

expression and had a sharp look in his cold eyes as he kept his lips tightly pursed while his

right hand kept tapping on the table. His demeanor gave her a huge sense of oppression,

and she recalled that after she returned to the past, she had torn his shirt into pieces, bit him,

and even threatened him to take responsibility.

I was so brave, she thought ironically. "Dylan, I was sniggering earlier

because I remembered

a joke," she lied.

When he cast her an icy look, she instantly felt guilty for lying, and she kept feeling that his

eyes could see through her lie.

However, she could only continue with her lie. "It's true. I was really thinking about a joke."

"Does Kelly bully you all of the time?"

Startled, she thought that he had changed the topic so abruptly that she couldn't figure out what he wanted to say.

"Not on the surface."

Kelly was a great actress, and she was already an outstanding woman, to begin with. So, when she discovered that she wasn't Charlotte and Adam's biological daughter, she became even

more remarkable by being more considerate of their parents and getting along well with

Kendall, even bringing her along to attend various parties with her. Of course, she would

blend in well at the parties, while Kendall stood out like a thumb.

"Kelly is the heir your parents had nurtured by themselves, and your return is the biggest threat to her."

Direct and straight to the point, his comment left her speechless for a few seconds before she

said, "Actually, I don't want to fight over anything with her. I just want the people I love to live well."

In her past life, she was useless and didn't work in Parker Corporation. So, even when her

parents left her all of their inheritance, she couldn't keep her inheritance.

Because her parents had said that both daughters were equal to them, and she thought that

they would divide the inheritance equally between them. She never imagined that they would

leave her everything in the end, which caused Kelly to hate them and eventually brought

about their deaths.

"You don't want to fight with her, but she sees you as a competitor.

Therefore, you must fight even if you don't want to."

Staring at him, she met his eyes, and she had no idea why he would speak about this topic with her.

It was true that she didn't want to fight with Kelly in her past life, but in this life, she must fight and protect everything belonging to her parents, even their lives. So, she couldn't allow Kelly to be the victor as she was in her previous life.

Perhaps Dylan thought he was being a bit harsh as he pursed his lips lightly and then shifted his tone to be gentler. "What was the funny thing that you were thinking about earlier?"

"I saw how terrified Kelly was of you, and I was guessing if she tried to get into your bed before and you kicked her off—"

She abruptly stopped and dared not finish her sentence, and she couldn't help but curse him a few hundred times in her heart.

What a cunning fox! He deliberately shifted the conversation, waited until I was distracted, and returned to the topic earlier, she fumed silently.

As she could not recover in time, the answer tumbled out of her mouth instinctively.

Meanwhile, a helpless, exasperated look appeared on Dylan's face. Then, when he saw that she had cringed sheepishly, he picked up the fork and knocked on her head several times.

Despite the pain, she didn't dare to complain, and merely rubbed the spot he had knocked.

Instead, she cast him a tentative look, and she tried guessing if he was finished with punishing her.

"Kendall Parker, I suppose you still remember what we are."

She nodded. "Dylan, I remember that we are registered as legal husband and wife." She

immediately reached into her pocket as she wanted to take out her marriage certificate, but she couldn't find it anywhere in her pockets.

Where's my marriage certificate? Did I lose it? Oh, no!

"Dylan, I lost my marriage certificate!" she cried anxiously. "I remember clearly that I have it with me, and I didn't change my clothes after waking up. So, how did I lose it? Can I request another one?"

Alas, he merely mocked her indifferently, "You can even lose something like the marriage certificate. Why didn't you get lost as well?"

"I don't want to lose it, either," she murmured. "Dylan, can I request another one? How about

I make a copy from yours?" Without the certificate in her hands, she just didn't feel at ease.

Again, he knocked her head several times with the fork, and she glared at him angrily and aggrievedly as she tolerated the pain.

"Are you happy that another woman tried to get into your husband's bed?" Huh? How should I answer this question? she wondered. If they had feelings for each other, she would definitely be unhappy and even mad, but if there were no feelings, it didn't matter.

At the most, they could divorce.

"Answer me!"

The next second, his face became severe and strict. Terrified, Kendall felt that getting along with this man wasn't easy, and all her nerves were strung tight because his temper was unpredictable.

"You really want me to answer it?"

Then, her eyes drifted downward, not to the bottom at the table but somewhere on Dylan.

With his intelligence, he knew what she meant from the look in her eyes, but he wasn't mad at all.

Ever since he became paralyzed waist down from the car accident, everyone else was spreading the rumor that he was so severely injured that he had become sterile. Therefore, she naturally questioned whether he could do it even if a woman crawled into his bed.

"Master Dylan, the cutleries are here."

Dylan gestured to the bodyguard to set the new set of cutleries in front of Kendall.

"Since you're here to apologize, have a meal with me," he said, placing food onto her plate, all the while saying how nutritious it was and the benefits of the food as though he was a nutritionist.

Dismayed, she uttered, "I can't eat spicy food."

He gave her the evil eye, which sent a shudder through her heart, and she quickly grabbed

the fork. "I-I eat spicy food. As long as you're eating with me, I'll take any kind of spicy food."

Then, she popped the food covered in chili oil into her mouth, and the spiciness spread out in

her mouth, so spicy that she wanted to spit it out. But when she saw Dylan watching her

emotionlessly, she didn't dare to do so and forced herself to swallow it.

It's spicy! I want some water!

He read her like a book as he passed her a bowl of clear soup, but there was also chili oil in it,

and there was more of it in the soup compared to other dishes.

She didn't dare to drink it, but he pushed the soup in front of her.

"Have some soup, eat some food, finish everything, and get lost!"

Speechlessly, Kendall did as told, and one hour later, she asked in embarrassment with a mix

of impatience, “Dylan, where’s the bathroom?”

Dylan then picked up the napkin and wiped his mouth gracefully after placing down his

cutlery elegantly. As for Kendall’s question, he pretended not to hear it, which made her so

nervous that she was about to start begging him.

Fortunately, a bodyguard helped her out by asking a female servant to lead her to the

bathroom.

The main reason Kendall didn’t eat spicy food was because she would have an upset stomach

every time she did, and the effect was instantaneous.

As her husband threatened her, she had to finish the food, but she ended up running to the

bathroom continuously a few times.

Finally, Dylan realized the severity of the situation. So, when she was about to run to the

bathroom again while holding her belly after she had just returned from a bathroom trip, he

asked her with a long face, “Did you take laxatives?”

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